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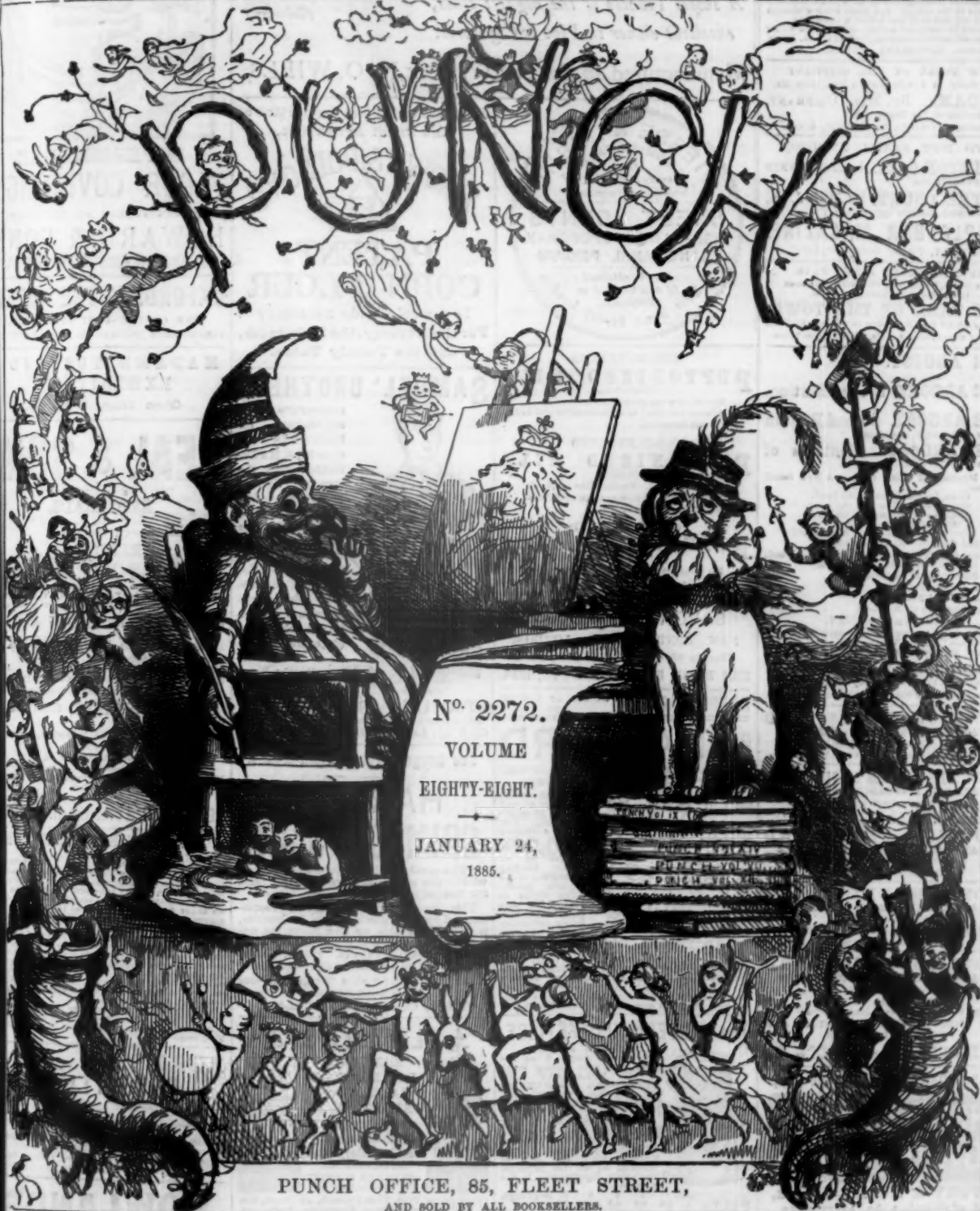
"Parliamentary Views,"

(From "Punch.") BY HARRY FURNISS.

Will be published on Tuesday, January 27th. Price 25s.

LIST OF DRAWINGS.

- Frontispiece.—The HOUSE of COMMONS. From a Design by a Japanese Artist.
1. The EGYPTIAN QUESTION.
 2. The SPEAKER'S FAREWELL.
 3. QUESTION TIME.—ASSYRIAN EDITION.
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8. The DIVISION LOBBY: on DERBY DAY. According to Sir W. Lawson's (Water Colour) Picture.

9. WEDNESDAY EVENING at the HEALTHIERIES.
10. LADIES' NIGHT; or, Petticoat Government.
11. "HATS OFF for the SPEAKER!"—The LOBBY. No. 5.
12. BAR of the HOUSE.
13. KITCHEN COMMITTEE at WORK.
14. The UPPER HOUSE. From a Rough Sketch by Professor R... ..
15. The TERRACE. According to Toby's Midsummer Night's Dream.

16. HOUSE of LORDS "UP."—5.15 P.M.
17. HOUSE LEFT SITTING.—4 A.M.
18. BACK VIEWS.
19. HOLIDAY TIME.—A SEA VIEW.
20. THE MEET at ST. STEPHEN'S.—Oct. 29, 1884.
21. A HEREDITARY LEGISLATOR TAKES his SEAT.
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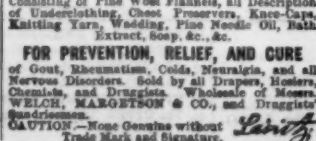
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THE MAHDI AND HIS LETTER.

THE False Prophet was seated in his tent with his Grand Vizier, initiating a friendly Sh-ikh, by name EL JUGGINS, into the mysteries of the old Soudanese national sport, Teb-spoof. The Monarch and his Vizier had succeeded in claiming the handsome sword, pistols, yataghan, and jewelled turban worn by EL JUGGINS, when a disturbance without caused the MAHDI to hurl down the sheet of paper on which he was engaged, and shout, "Allah Bismillah, are the infidel sons of dogs upon us already, SELIM?"

SELIM entered, and making a low obeisance to his master, said, "May it please the Ruler of the Earth, there has just arrived a creature, who is proud to be called his slave, with important despatches stolen from the English."

"It is well," answered the MAHDI. "Let the beast be brought in, and send for my English Interpreter."

Then there entered a grave and learned man, followed by a half-starved, half-clothed wretch, who, from the folds of his scanty linen clothing, produced a crumpled sheet of note-paper. The MAHDI, through his Vizier, took this letter, and after a gallant but ineffectual attempt to read it upside down, handed it to his Interpreter, and bade him translate.

In a slow and solemn voice the Interpreter began:—

"Dear old Chappie."

"Tell the Minister of War to search the Dictionary of English Soldiers and find out who Dearoldchappie is."

The Minister of War studied the Army List, and confessed his inability to find any officer of that name.

"Take the Minister of War outside," yelled the justly irate Monarch, "and give him one hundred of the bastinado on the soles of his feet."

To the accompaniment of the Minister's piteous shrieks for mercy the Interpreter continued:—

"Christmas is over and gone in every sense, for we have all been half-seas over, and all our money is gone."

"That means," explained the Monarch, "that England has sent another fleet which is half-way across the ocean, and that she has spent her last piastre in its equipment."

"Allah, but the Ruler of the Desert is like unto the unclean swine which can see the wind," murmured the Foreign Minister, in tones of admiration so genuine, that his master immediately slipped a few drops of poison into his sherbet, while the Interpreter continued:—

"We have painted the time red, and no mistake."

"A religious ceremony of these infidel dogs," explained the MAHDI, at which the Minister of Religion, not knowing he was observed, winked with both eyes, and was forcibly removed to be hung. The Interpreter went on:—

"Now that I have summoned enough pluck to send you a line, old boy, I don't seem to have any news. It being four in the morning, and my not having been to bed for five nights, may, however, account for this."

"Marvellous workers, these white dogs," interrupted the MAHDI.

"Everybody is in the country, or broke in town. Dicky lost three thou the other night at Bac."

The MAHDI nodded, as if he understood it. The Vizier nodded too, but he was asleep. When he had been set on fire, and thoroughly awakened, the reader continued:—

"And I had such a ghastly Boxing Day at Kempton Park, that I seriously think of emigration."

"Minister of Education, tell me where Kempton Park is."

"I have not the remotest idea," promptly replied the truthful Minister.

"Take the Minister of Education out—but so far, that I shall not be disturbed by his interruptions, and give him seventy dozen with the best khourbash," was the unanswerable repartee of the MAHDI. Then turning suddenly towards the Foreign Minister, who seemed to be taken with violent convulsions, he inquired in an irritable tone,—

"What is the Foreign Minister tying himself into knots for?"

"May it please your Serene Highness, he says he thinks he is dying."

"Ah, true. I had forgotten that poison. Well, take him outside. I am not going to have him dying all over my tent. Out with him! Proceed!"

"Nothing theatrical now. I haven't seen any Pantomimes, as I shall have to do them when my sister's children come to town. Terry's back at the Gaiety; but Bessie Bellwood is grander than ever at the Royal with her song of 'What cheer, 'Ris!'. We only want that old fool the Mahdi—"

"Read that again!" shrieked the MAHDI.

"That old fool the Mahdi—"

"Take this dagger, which is poisoned, and stick it hard in yourself."

"But it will hurt," objected the Interpreter.

"I mean it to. Now, do as you are bid."

The Interpreter did so, and, after a low bow, retired outside, not without many spasmodic twitchings of his limbs, and lay on the sand, where his last groans were as the baying of dogs at the inoffensive moon.

"Allah, but he made sweet music," said the MAHDI. "Now, dog, when did you get this epistle?"

"Oh, most noble one, I stole it from a fair young man."

"What general was he?"

"Guards' Camel Corps."

"So be it. As a reward for your industry, courage, and integrity, my guards will now take you outside and—let me see—yes—burn you!"

Then the MAHDI lit his long pipe, and working out the various problems which he had been listening to, in his brain, fell into a sound and prolonged slumber, and the next day the readers of the London Daily Papers read—

THE SOUDAN.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE MAHDI is perfectly informed as to the exact state of European Politics. It is certain that he derives his knowledge from stolen and intercepted letters.

DREAMY DELIGHT!

"Professor STUART concluded with an earnest denunciation of War, the dreamy delight of the Conservative class. He also argued at length in favour of the extension of the suffrage to Women."

LET us cease to give money for navies and guns,

For torpedoes, and swords, and the like,

For the Man of the Future's the fellow who runs

If the enemy threatens to strike!

Should a foeman appear on your borders, invite

Him to enter, and give him a pass;

But resist him not! War is the dreamy delight

Of the pampered Conservative class!

There's Russia wants India. Well, give her her way,—

What is India to you or to me?

And there's Germany greedy for Holland, they say,

And extending her empire by sea;

And there's France, that is spoiling, they guess, for a fight,

And our gains she would gladly amass.

Let us bear it,—for War is the dreamy delight

Of the pampered Conservative class!

When our Empire is gone, when our Trade is as dead

As proverbial nails in a door,

When the Working-man has not a mouthful of bread,

And when Capital's fled from the shore,

When there is not one Landlord to plunder by might

(Which is right), for they've run in a mass,

We'll at least have got rid of the dreamy delight

Of the pampered Conservative class!

When the Dockyards are idle, the Foundries are cold,

When our Commerce is driven from the sea,

When the cottons of Manchester cannot be sold,

What a triumph, Professor, for thee!

When the cheek of an Englishman's ashen and white

If a foreigner happens to pass,

Let's rejoice, for we've shunted the dreamy delight

Of the pampered Conservative class!

But, alas, if to Ladies the Suffrage you give,

And permit them the use of the vote,

Then the "dreamy delight" will be certain to live,

And the epaulettes, ay, and the coat;

And the flag you detest like a meteor bright

It will wave, when you're under the grass:

For the Soldier and Sailor are still the delight

Of the Fair,—a Conservative class!

MR. W. HOLLAND was very much annoyed on overhearing one of the audience telling a child who found it a bit dull, "Wait till the Clowns roll by, JIMMY." The People's Skaterer (so called from his idea of starting a huge rink) remonstrated, and informed the young man that there was nothing "jimmy" about even a show of HOLLAND's, and that the eighteen acrobatic jesters were all temperance men, only rather bigger than ordinary empty tumblers.

CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.—BISMARCK to be "Man in Possession" vice "Honest Broker" resigned.



HEBREW MELODIES.

"HAVE YOU GOT 'MOSES IN EGYPT'?"

"No, Miss. We've got 'EHREN ON THE RHINE.'"

"SEMPER EADEM."

A Ballad of (Butcher) Burthens.

"In spite of reduction in value, and vast supply, I find that I do not derive the slightest benefit, no reduction whatever, in the stereotyped prices which have ruled for the last two or three years, and which rule as steadily as ever—such, for example, as a shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks."—*Letter from "ONE OF MANY INTERESTED" on "The Price of Meat," in the Daily Telegraph.*

O CHRISTMAS Bills, ye are cheery reading! The years they come, and the years they go,
And Science advances, and Progress promises bounteous blessings to high and low.
Be it truth or fable, there's one thing stable, in this time's changes no difference makes,
'Tis a shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks!

Nothing endures, sighs the sad Philosopher. Doesn't it? doesn't it, *Savant*, mine?

Just consider the price of meat—to a different view you may then incline.
Governments change, but poor Paterfamilias year after year to this verity wakes,
A shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks!

Frozen meat by the thousand carcases, foreign stock by the hundred head,
Come to our shores in a way men fancied would fill our butchers with dismal dread.

Mine, I notice, is round and rubicund; can the reason be that he takes
A shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks?

Oh! they were going to give us astonishing gluts of meat at the lowest price;
The River Plate was to fill our dishes with juicy viands as cheap as nice.
Rosy visions, how ye have vanished! What we pay still for our roasts and bakes
Is a shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks!

Sage Economists all your treatises help us little in this sad fix.
Is not the wolf who robs Poverty's larder as base as the rascal who steals a pyx?
Is he not *hostis humani generis* who from the toiler's poor pittance takes—
A shilling a pound for beef and mutton, and one-and-fourpence for chops and steaks?

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

In connection with the little incident in the office of O'DONOVAN ROSMA, the *Times* says:—

"SHORT was introduced to M'DERMOTT as 'Mr. LONG,' and, afterwards, when DEASY was arrested at Liverpool, the police searched in Cork for LONG, the description of him corresponding exactly with SHORT."

If this be true, it goes a long way towards accounting for the failure of the police in bringing the dynamitards to justice. If, when they have a warrant to arrest SHORT, they deliberately set themselves to look for LONG, it can scarcely be wondered at that these miscreants work with impunity. "How Long? how Long?" as an eminent tragedian used nightly to observe. Short work should be made of such a system.

MORE HONOURS FOR ALFRED.

'Tis vain! In such a brassy time
To ask me to write verses,
Though Publishers should tempt my rhyme,
With magic more than Circe's.
I'll move the Pawns, if not the Pen,
In very desperation;
For now I am the Chairman of
The Chess Association!

But what is this I hear—the whine
That I am still the Laureate?
Heavens! with rivals such as mine
That's not a thing to glory at.
MORRIS is mute, and SWINBURNE's last
Not much his fame enhances,
While BROWNING's "genius," sure has passed
Among *Ferishtah's Fancies*.

Get out the Board of Black and White,
That charms my learned leisure!
Where "all is square," it must be right
For me to find my pleasure.
Those Kingly *Idylls* once I wrote,
But now 'tis feared 'tis fated,
If I don't idle with the King
My life would be stale-mated.

So I shall rule for months and years
The noble Chess Society;
I'll dub my Knights *Sir Bediverees*,
Or *Modreds*, for variety;
And when I move my Queen about,
If Pawns should dare to check it,
I'll kick the Chess-board inside out,
Like HENRY in my *Becket*.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

(Selected Specimens.)

DEAR SIR,

MY name will be familiar to you as that of the performer of the Second Murderer at the time when the late Mr. MACREADY was proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre. Since then I have not set foot on the London Boards. Will you kindly help a brother Artist by inserting the following little notice, which I have written myself, in the next number of *Punch*?

Yours gratefully, in advance,

PATRICK O'ROUGE.

"Mr. PATRICK O'ROUGE, the well-known and famous tragedian, who has frequently been compared by good judges of acting to MACREADY, and not altogether to the latter's advantage, takes his Annual Benefit at the Theatre Royal, Muddleton-on-the-Slime, next Thursday, on which occasion a *monstre* attendance may be confidently expected. Mr. O'ROUGE will play *Polonius*, perhaps his best character, if we can distinguish where all are so good. Mr. O'ROUGE, in addition to a commanding figure, a classic countenance, a mellow voice, and perfect elocution, is one of the few Actors now left to us, indeed the only one, capable of grasping the Immortal Bard's deathless creations."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

YOU are a bit slow. You don't dig in at the Aristocracy enough. Now, within a ten-mile radius of



LEAP-FROG IN THE SOUDAN; OR, 'OVER THE WAR-TAR FOR CHARLIE!'

this town three Baronets live. One of them, they say, *drinks*. If I could find this out for a certainty, I could send you something *spicy* about it, for which of course I should expect the usual honorarium.

Yours privately,

JOHN SMITH.

C/o Mr. Bark, Chemist and Druggist,
Camomile Street, Ozone-on-the-Sea.

SIR.—Get new Artists and new Writers. You're nowhere now. I'm the man for you. I've got some first-rate things, which I'll send you: sketches and letterpress. I'll call, and bring them with me.

Yours,

NEMO.

SIR.—I send you three jokes and a picture, all done by my little girl, who is only just nine. This actually happened, and, I will vouch for it, never appeared anywhere before in any journal. I enclose drawing, and please return it if you don't use it, as I am sure other papers will be only too glad to publish it. Only I offer you the first chance.

1, Shine Street, Mudmouth.

Yours,

S. SLEEK.

SIR,—I send you a good thing I said about GLADSTONE the other day. It was about his felling trees. I said he was "a regular good feller." This is quite new, and has never been said before, I am sure. It is worth a lot of money, but I only require the ordinary remuneration, and am

Dunsinane, N.B.

Yours,

J. McMILLER.

SIR,—Why are not your young men a little bit funny sometimes? Here's a splendid chance missed! The *Daily News* says:—

"A telegram from Souakim states that OSMAN DIGNA, having heard that the British forces are advancing on Shendy, is much disturbed."

That's what the *Daily News* says. What I say is, if the British troops kick up a *Shendy*, there will be a good chance of losing *Osman cum Dignitate*. Ha! ha!

Yours japefully,

JOE CORN.

NEW READING BY AN AVARICIOUS BUTLER.—"Welcome the coming, bleed the parting guest."

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS. No. 4.



THE ST. PANCRA'S VESTRY CONTEMPLATE TAKING THE CROSSING SWEEPING INTO THEIR OWN HANDS.

THE HOUSE THAT VICTOR BUILT.

It being reported that VICTOR HUGO has just purchased for the sum of £13,000 a piece of land in the immediate vicinity of his present abode, with a view of building on it an entirely new house "of his own designing," the following extract from a preliminary letter of instructions to the contractor who has undertaken the work will be read with interest.

You will ask me whether I am an Architect; and I reply to you, "An Architect is one who constructs." Do I construct? Yes. What? Never mind; let us proceed. To construct a house you require a basement. This is the language of the Contractor. But the Poet meets him with a rejoinder. A basement is a prison, and Liberty can not breathe through a grating. This was the case at the Bastille! What has been done at the Bastille does not repeat itself. What then? You will commence the house on the first-floor.

Does this stagger the Architect? Unquestionably! Yet to commence a house on the first-floor is easy enough. To the Contractor? No. To the Poet? Yes. How? By a flight. Two flights will take anyone somewhere. Upstairs? Yes. Downstairs? Certainly! In my lady's chamber? Why not? This is a phenomenon, and surprises you. Just now you were on the stare. Now you are on the first-floor landing. Therefore, you have taken a rise. Out of whom—the Architect? Possibly. Let us resume.

And now for the drawing-room.

This will be colossal. Why? Because the furniture in it will be stupendous. To talk of stupendous furniture is to suggest the opening scene of a Pantomime. A big head! Whose? No matter. But you will inquire as to this furniture. You will probably say, "Will there be chairs?" No. "Arm-chairs?" Useless. "Sofas with six legs?" A phantom! "What then? Canopied thrones for four-and-twenty, with one of a superior make and quality?" Quite so. "Why?" Because it is here that Genius, after dinner, will meet the Kings and Emperors that aspire to pay it homage. "Will there be windows?" Rather—and there is this convenient thing besides—eight-and-forty balconies. You will say at once, "Two a-piece?" But you will quickly add—"What of the gardens beneath?" To this there is only one answer possible—"Fireworks!"

Roman candles, rockets, and Bengal lights? No.—A set-piece? Yes. Representing what? Somebody! Now there is this advantage about a set-piece that represents somebody—if carefully prepared, regardless of

expense, and covering an area of 90 feet by 120. It may be permanent. Some one whispers "Advertisement." To this I make a supreme reply, "Fame!" And now let us pass to another room. Shall we put our foot in it? Yes. Why? Because it is the kitchen.

CHAOS AND COCKROACHES.

(A Communication from our old friend, Mrs. Gingham.)

"Science has just assured us that the Cockroach is of a most prodigiously dignified antiquity. Specimens have just been discovered in the middle Silurian deposits." *Daily Telegraph.*

WELL, of all the astoratory things as that dear *Daily Telegraph* tells us—Wich well 'tis bekknown to us all that it *never* bamfuzzles nor sells us—This 'ere is the staggerinest go, as it properly calls it *perdigious*. Cockroaches as old as the 'ills! *Gr-r-r-r!* The notion seems perfectly hideous! I don't know, exact, what is meant by "the middle Silurian deposits," But to think that the crawling Philistians, the pests of our cellars and closets, Are older than ADAM himself, or the monkey some says that he sprang from,—The wrigglers that crawl on our floors, and our curtings and bed-postes 'ang from, That swarm in our rugs and our carpets, and can't be got shut of by beating, Nor yet by no firewood and beer, nor the powders of good Mister KEATING! I pities them poor dear Silurians; they had no beetle-traps, probable, And if their "deposits" was large, and the Banks of the period robbable, They must 'a bin anxious enough, before Pleeceemen was ever invented, Without them Cockroaches in swarms, as I'm sure must 'a drove 'em demented. I didn't know Banks was that troubled, like kitchens and ship's-holds and coffee-shops,—

Wich I'm sure in the latter they gather like flies do in cake-shops and toffee-shops,— But Chaos and Cockroaches mixed, without Constables too! Eugh! it's dreadful.

Cockroaches I never could bide, though my JIM says he's slept with a bedful At sea night by night all a voyage; I shouldn't sleep, no, not a mossel. But fancy them being so old as for one to turn up as a fossil! It makes one respect them amost, wich at least they are not jumped-up mush-rooms.

But I fear that 'll not stay my 'and when I 'ave to sweep carpets or brush rooms. As to what that there *Telegraph* says about bein' our *Ancestors*, Christians I'm sure wasn't never descended from no sich black wriggling Philistians. The suggestion is simply blasphemous; sech notions should not be encouraged. The many a hundred I've squelched, when in nooks and in corners I've furred!

And 'ave I bin murderin' my —? No, dear D. T., though I mostly believe you,

I ain't up to swallering that, Sir, and therefore I will not deceive you. They may be as old as you say, all the same you ain't going to wheedle Me into believing I sprung from a Cookroach or crawling Blackbeedle!

SOMETHING IN THE PAPERS.

(Further Correspondence.)

SIR,—As Representatives of a firm of old-established Paper-stainers, we have followed with much interest the controversy lately carried on in your columns, on the subject of poisonous colouring matter, maliciously and wrongly alleged to be employed in our manufacture. Your Correspondent, "A Mysterious Sufferer at Brixton," is utterly wrong. What he describes as "a domestic discomfort, that really robs life of half its enjoyment," is obviously not referable to the paper of his bedroom, but to some slight constitutional derangement. What are the facts? Take his own account of himself. He says he "wakes in the morning, parched and raving, and, after a succession of appalling fits on the top landing, rolls head-over-heels the whole way down four flights of stairs, only to finish the day in convulsions on the hall-mat." Now, Sir, we maintain this is in no way due, as he supposes, to the presence of any deleterious pigment in the wall-decoration of his room. On referring to our books, we find this to be an ordinary good old-fashioned emerald-green leaf landscape, relieved by copperas pumpkins and scarlet butterflies—heavily coloured, it is true, but not containing more than a teaspoonful of pure arsenic in a square yard of it. As to the further fact he mentions, that "every friend who passes a night in his house is invariably carried out on a stretcher, speechless, and in a state of collapse, to the nearest hospital the next morning," this is, of course, nothing more than a mere coincidence, and not worthy the consideration of business men, endowed with common sense, and dealing with a plain commercial question. It is these foolish scientific scares, Sir, that are continually bringing about what is called "depression of trade," and producing stagnation in a flourishing industry. Trusting to your sense of fair play to give due prominence to this letter, we are, Sir, yours faithfully,

CHOKE AND KILLINGS.

SIR,—Your Correspondent "PARALYTICUS" is quite mistaken. The test for arsenic in wall-paper is extremely simple. Having provided himself with half a ton of Ammonium Hydrate, freely washed in Salts of Bismuth, let him now add (H. O.), and, forming a thick solution, take a yard of the paper in

question, dipping it carefully from time to time for the space of eight-and-forty hours, over a spirit-lamp, and watching for the precipitate. If this come quickly, he can have recourse to N. H., or even to (C. O.), bearing in mind that, as at a temperature of 115°, Peroxide of Mercurium (X. H.), which ought now to be exhibited in small crystals, not only in the suspected portions of the material but also on the furniture of the room solidifies and explodes, this part of the operation had better be conducted in leathern gauntlets, a wire mask, and cast-iron respirator. Having reached this point, let him now introduce (U. O.), and straining through (O. Y.), taste a small morsel of the paper with his tongue. If there is a giddy and almost bursting sensation in the head, accompanied by symptoms of marsh fever, total deafness, and sudden permanent and painful enlargement of the knee-joints, then the experiment will have been entirely successful, and the presence of arsenic will have been satisfactorily detected. Nothing is easier than this test. A child can try it.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

INVESTIGATOR.

SIR,—“A CAUTIOUS DINNER-OUT” asks how, when accepting an invitation, he can protect himself from the chance of being poisoned at the house of a friend. I will tell him. Let him take with him in his cab a good-sized pail of whitewash well mixed with chlorate of lime, and a common household mop. On arriving at the house of his host, he leaves these in the hall, and takes a hurried glance at the room in which the dinner is laid. If he notices that the paper is of a pale olive-green, sea-blue, madder-pink, delicate fawn, or shaded with any of the deeper browns or yellows, he has only to whisk his pail and mop into the room, turn the waiters out, lock the doors, and set to. He now takes off his coat, stands on a movable wheel arm-chair placed on the dinner-table, and goes vigorously to work, not minding a little inevitable splashing. In less than an hour and three-quarters he will have covered the whole four walls from ceiling to floor, and have rendered the room, at a trifling sacrifice of appearance, comparatively fresh and wholesome. This is my invariable practice; and, though I am not much asked out to dinner, I can confidently recommend it to those who are.

Yours, &c.

IN SANITAS SANITATUM.

SIR,—It is to be hoped that the promised Bill that is to be introduced in the coming Session will contain a stringent clause providing for the hanging respectively of the Ground Landlord, the Builder, the Papermaker, the Colourman, the Architect, and the House Agent. Nothing short of this will be of the slightest use. When this, too, is the law, not only of the rest of Europe but also of Central Thibet, where even “the friend who recommends the house” is wisely included in the indictment, why should an enlightened country like ours lag behind? Surely we have had enough of half-and-half legislation? Murder is murder; and what we want on the Statute-Book is to see a spade called a spade. Here am I, and the whole of my household, thirteen in number, at this present moment all of us, more or less, crippled, deaf, irritable, imbecile, epileptic, while seven are, I fear, given over to lasting melancholia and permanently bed-ridden, owing to the inauspicious selection of an attractive dado, guaranteed “pure vegetable colouring,” for our nursery staircase. What, I should like to know, has Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to reply to this? I enclose my card, and beg to subscribe myself,

ONE WHO IS FAIRLY ROUSED.

SIR,—A proper wall-paper, properly made, may be a positive boon. Mine are all such, made to my own order. The only colouring matters used are Carbon and Quinine. The result is, I admit, a dirty black, and there is no pattern; but the physical outcome is unbounded health and spirits to my whole family circle. We dance into the rooms, skip about the landings, and sing on the stairs. Even friends who come to see us, spite the gloomy look of the house-decoration, the purifying and invigorating influence of the drugs, and, bursting into friendly merriment, refuse to leave the premises till positively turned out by the police. If we are to put medicaments into our wall-papers, all I can say, Sir, is, don't let them be poisonous and harmful, but, like those scientifically selected by Your Obedient Servant, invigorating and all

OF THE RIGHT SORT.

DICKY-BIRDS FOR DINNER.—In the recent address of the President of the Vegetarian Society—as reported—occurs the following declaration:—

“Such are our principles; we enforce them by moral suasion . . . by cookery classes and Robin dinners.”

The Robin is a Warbler, like others of his kin—notably becaafio and wheatear—good to eat. Was it not BUFFON who (without meaning buffoonery) concluded an account of him with the remark that: “This delightful little warbler is eaten with bread-crumbs.” The “Robin dinners” perhaps rank among the triumphs of vegetarian cookery. It may be supposed that the Robin of those repasts is mock Robin—and no Redbreast.

THE LAY OF THE TRILOBITE.



A MOUNTAIN'S giddy height I sought,
Because I could not find
Sufficient vague and mighty thought

To fill my mighty mind.
And, as I wandered ill at ease,
There chanced upon my sight,
A native of Silurian seas,—
An ancient Trilobite!

So calm, so peacefully he lay,
I watched him e'en with tears.
I thought of Monads far away,
In the forgotten years.
How wonderful it seemed, and right,

The providential plan.
That he should be a Trilobite,
And I should be a Man!

And then, quite natural and free,
Out of his rocky bed,
That Trilobite he spoke to me,
And this is what he said:

“I don't know how the thing was done,

Although I cannot doubt it;
But HUXLEY,—he if any one
Can tell you all about it:—

“How all your faiths are ghosts
and dreams,
How, in the silent sea,
Your ancestors were Monotremes—
Whatever these may be,—
How you evolved your shining lights

Of wisdom and perfection,
From Jelly-fish and Trilobites,
By Natural Selection.

“You've KANT to make your
brains go round,
And CARPENTER to clear them,
And Mathematics to confound,
And Mr. Punch to cheer them.

The native of an alien land
You call a man and brother,
And greet with pistol in one hand,
And hymn-book in the other!

“You've Politics to make you fight,
And utter exclamations,
You've cannon, and you've dynamite
To civilise the nations.
The side that makes the loudest din
Is surest to be right,
And oh, a pretty fix you're in!”
Remarked the Trilobite.

“But gentle, stupid, free from woe,
I dwelt among my nation,
I didn't care, I didn't know,
That I was a crustacean;
I didn't grumble, didn't steal,
I never took to rhyme,
Salt water was my frugal meal,
With carbonate of lime.”

Reluctantly I turned away,
No other word he said;
An ancient Trilobite he lay
Within his rocky bed.
I did not answer him, for that
Would have annoyed my pride,
I merely bowed, and touched my hat,
But in my heart I cried—

“I wish our brains were not so good,
I wish our skulls were thicker,
I wish that Evolution could
Have stopped a little quicker.
For oh, it was a happy plight
Of liberty and ease,
To be a simple Trilobite
In the Silurian Seas!”

TOO BAD!—The Poet Laureate has undoubtedly had his eye on a Title for a long while past. But he certainly looked for something beyond a mere Baron. How many years ago it is since he sang, “You must wake and call me Early”? Evidently, Mr. GLADSTONE did not wake at the right time, or got out of bed the wrong side, for assuredly he did not do what his friend expected.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PROMPTER.

"WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY!"*Popular Premier pipes to a Popular Air.*

WILLY, my own Grand Old One,
Afar from the House you be,
Out in the Hawarden woodlands,
Under the still home tree.
Doubtless Town misses you, my WILLIAM.
Winds blow and storms are raging high;
WILLY, my own Grand Old One,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus.

Wait till the clouds roll by, WILLY,
Wait till the clouds roll by;
WILLY, my own Grand Old One,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

WILLY, 'tis far from smooth, friend,
On Policy's ocean deep;
Will you then dream of shirking!
Will you your promise keep?
Soon things will take a turn and mend, friend;
Take courage, WILL, don't pipe your eye.
Stillness will follow shindy.
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus—Wait till the clouds roll by, &c.

WILLY, keep up your pecker;
Things go awry, 'tis true:
But won't go so far ever.

Will you cave in? Not you!
BIZZY will not be always snarling,
Soon will Colonial troubles fly,
WILLY, don't be downhearted,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus—Wait till the clouds roll by, &c.

WILLY, here's time for thinking.
SALISBURY's pack is hushed;

But, in affairs of empire,
Have you been fogged—or rushed?
HODGE has his boon, and is contented,
But foreign foes seem in full cry.
WILLY, look sharp, but take it coolly;
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus—Wait till the clouds roll by, &c.

WILLY, canards are flying,—
Cool skill will bring them down.
But, when the eagles gather,
Danger perchance may frown;
Give it your careful thought, my WILLIAM,
Don't be alarmed,—yet mind your eye!
But when the bogey-mongers, croak, man,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

Chorus.

Wait till the clouds roll by, WILLY,
Wait till the clouds roll by;
WILLY, my own Grand Old One,
Wait till the clouds roll by!

A Penny for your Thought-Reading.

As adroit Humbug hates honest skill, so much the pseudo-Spiritualist hates the avowed Conjuror. If Mr. IRVING BISHOP could only "square" Mr. MASKELYNE, he would probably be less anxious to "round upon" him. As it is, without laying claim to the power of "thought-reading," one may readily divine some of Mr. IRVING BISHOP's "thoughts" respecting Mr. MASKELYNE, and his chances of getting that Ten Thousand Pounds! The question is, whether those thoughts will be worth a penny—to Mr. MASKELYNE.

WHY BISMARCK HATES THE PREMIER.

BECAUSE he has never asked him to breakfast to meet Mr. TOOLE.

Because he has never presented him with a collection of Old China.

Because he has never sent him a really nice letter on his birthday.

Because he wanted to cut down the trees of "Unter den Linden."

Because he can't speak German fluently.

Because he prefers the banjo to the zither.

Because he never wears the uniform of a Cuirassier, nor even the undress of a sub-lieutenant of Yeomanry.

Because he isn't the late Lord BEACONSFIELD.

Because he has peculiar notions about collars.

Because he did not get that joke that was forwarded to him from Berlin into *Punch*.

Because he neglected to send on New Year's Day a return Christmas Card.

Because his Cabinet is not composed exclusively of men all like Lords GRANVILLE and DERBY.

Because, and this is the most important reason of all, he has allowed himself to be called "The Grand Old Man," when Europe contains in the person of a certain distinguished Statesman an old man infinitely grander.

SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED.—There are a lot of silly idiots who go about asking, *Où sont les neiges d'antan?*—as if it would be any use if they knew, or if they had them. Now, although we have plenty of fresh white snow about, many of these hopeless lunatics are disposed to grumble.



“WAIT TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY!”



HINTS ON PARLIAMENTARY DEPARTMENT.

(By Professor Turneydrop Toby, M.P.)



PHRASE once used by Mr. PARNELL is calculated to mislead the New Member. "I will not," said the great patriot, "take my coat off except on the Rent question." The New Member will naturally infer from this that it is the practice in the House of Commons for Members to take off their coats when they discuss Bills before the House. Mr. PARNELL in his wilful obstinacy affirming that for his part he would not take off his coat save for one particular measure. This is an error, and any Member preparatory to making his maiden speech, taking off his coat and presenting himself in his shirt-sleeves, would render himself liable to reproof from the Chair.

Private Members must not put their feet on the back of the bench before them. When they rise to the status of Minister, or ex-Minister, they may put their feet on the table. Sir RICHARD CROSS habitually does this, admiring through his spectacles his bluchers. Sir RICHARD can only just reach the table, and sometimes, coming in late at night weary with the toils of the day, his ineffectual efforts to land his boots on the edge of the table have been watched with thrilling interest. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON does it with an easy grace that Sir WILLIAM DYKE regards with envious admiration. Lord HARTINGTON, too, manages the table with ease. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the contrary, was never seen in this position, nor was the late Mr. DISRAELI.

This special privilege of Ministers and ex-Ministers will usefully incite emulation in the breast of the New Member. In the meantime, he must keep his legs down and his spirits up.

This train of thought leads to consideration of the best means by which a New Member may reach the Treasury Bench. On entering, he must take a seat somewhere. The question is, "Where?" The answer, "Below the Gangway." Loyalty to Party is all very well; but what New Members have to look after (though they need not mention it) is their own personal interest, and it is best looked after by assuming an attitude of independence. Note that the present Ministry, with few exceptions, is recruited from below the Gangway.

The position is not so uncomfortable as the phrase would imply. The New Member probably imagines a plank bridging a certain space, and, below, a number of Members huddled together. It is not so. Members taking up a position below the Gangway are as comfortably seated as in any other part of the House.

If it be possible, secure a corner seat. These are limited in number, and the demand is brisk; but there is no freehold. You have as much right as anyone else to a corner seat, and the best thing to do is boldly to take it. Be in time, and drop into the seat unconcernedly. If anyone comes up—Mr. GOSCHEN, for example, or Mr. T. B. POTTER, earlier squatters—there are two courses open to you: either pretend not to see them, or cheerily enter into conversation with them. Remark on the fineness of the day or otherwise; inquire after their health and that of various members of their family. They will soon tire of standing, and will seek a seat elsewhere. Do this every day for a fortnight, and you will be troubled no longer.

Avoid the corner seat on the bench behind the Treasury. That is Mr. FORSTER's, and he has a Short Way with Interlopers. He has come to sit down, and he sits. If there's anybody there, so much the worse for him. Dr. LYONS discovered this. He gallantly stuck to his place for three nights; by that time visibly he began to flatten out. To avoid fatal consequences, he withdrew. Mr. FORSTER rather missed him at first, but got used to normal hardness of bench, and all goes well.

New Members must guard against too literal interpretation of phrases they may from time to time catch. When they hear a gentleman bawling out, "Hear! hear!" they must not respond, "Where? where?" Nor when the SPEAKER cries, "Order! order!" must they turn towards the white-necked attendants (who certainly look like waiters), and say: "Well, since you are in the room, I

think I'll take a lemon-squash;" or "Bring me a soda with a little drop of whiskey and a bit of ice in it, and look sharp!" Again, when the SPEAKER cries, "Ayes to the right, Noes to the left!" they must not attempt impossible contortions of the features. The Sergeant-at-Arms might suspect they were making faces at him, and would run them through. He thinks nothing of running a New Member through.

To sum up; the best thing a New Member can do is to sit silent and watchful through the two first Sessions, making himself familiar with the rules of the House. In the third year—in the springtime whilst nature is buoyant—he may prepare his maiden speech. Having written it carefully out, let him look the M.S. in his desk. At Christmastime, let him bid all his poor relations to a banquet, and after dinner let him deliver the speech to them. He may try this again in the fourth year. A few of the more pursy of his poor relations, suspecting something, may decline the invitation; but he will have a sufficient audience to whom, between the soup and the fish, he may read his speech. This may be the same one or a fresh effort. In the fifth year he will be quite safe in summoning the family circle, for it will not gather. In the sixth Session Parliament is pretty sure to be dissolved. Thus he will have accomplished a double good. He will for ever have got rid of his poor relations, and will in the House of Commons have established a high character as a man of profound thought and potential eloquence.

TO AN AMATEUR ACTRESS.

(The Season of Amateur Theatricals has set in with unusual severity.)

THEY laud the Drama's "palmy days"
And rave to modern folks' amaze,
Of KHAN and KEMBLE;
They tell how SIDDONS trod the stage,
With inspiration, while her rage,
Made people tremble.

Another SARAH leads the van,
With IRVING, fascinating man,
And ELLEN TERRY;
In comedy, by far too rare,
We honour STIRLING's silver hair,
And TOOLE makes merry.

But what avails the well-paid Stage,
The genius of our modern age
We can't arrive at;
Until we've seen you pose, *ma belle*,
Who act we know supremely well,
And play in private.

You banish BRENNHARDT from our dreams,
And ELLEN TERRY only seems,
A phantom figure;
They act, folks say, by light of Art,
But you from impulse and from heart,
Are vastly bigger.

Your *Juliet* attracts all eyes,
Though MARY ANDERSON arise
Your *naïve* rendition,
Beats all that she could ever do
Though charmed by wreathen arms we view
Each new position.

In Comedy you give delight,
In Irish characters you might
Have come from Carlow;
And when *Miss Hardcastle* appears,
Would I could be, despite my years—
That blest young *Marlow*.

Don't tell me acting is no more:
In theatres perchance 'tis o'er,
But one thing's certain,
The drawing-room preserves it still,
What time so many parts you fill,
Behind the curtain.

When Critics ask who can play
"lead,"
They simply should see, I would plead,
What you can do, dear;
In drawing-rooms you're all the rage,
But still I would not tempt the stage,
If I were you, dear.

"Company" Manners.

"Two's company," thought those ingenious gentlemen, Mr. FREDERICK POPE and Mr. JAMES PRIOR; but they did not follow proverbial philosophy so far as to add that three—or even five—were none. So they started the International Fish Dinner Company on a capital of some dozen pounds or so. Then, no doubt, they and their partners sang with gusto "The Best of all Good Companie." But a partial jury found them guilty of Fraud and Conspiracy, and they will have the opportunity of testing the truth of the poet's dictum that "Stone walls do not a prison make." This is so far satisfactory; but surely if the public would pay just a *little* more attention to the simple copy-book maxim, "Be careful of your Company," these co-operative fishers of men would not hook so many flats.

A STRANGER presented himself for the defence, saying he was a member of the Bar. "Which Bar?" asked the Magistrate. "Potter's Bar, Eastern Circuit," replied the applicant. Ejected.

SCRATCHED FOR THE DERBY.—Our Colonial Empire.



CAUSE

Host (to Coachman, who is turned on as Butler on grand occasions). "I WANT YOU TO SEE THAT ALL MY GUESTS ENJOY THEMSELVES, COGGLEDAB. DON'T LET THEM HAVE TO ASK FOR ANYTHING. BE PARTICULARLY ATTENTIVE TO MY DEAR AUNT, MRS. DUMBLEDOCK!"



AND

EFFECT.

Coggledab (in a Stage-whisper, during a lull in the conversation, to Mrs. Dumbledock, who has recently joined the Blue Ribbon Army). "OLLANDS, WHISKEY, OR COG-NACK, MUM! YOU CAN'T BE ENJOY-IN' OF YOURSELF. YOU'RE NOT DRINKIN'!"

[Mrs. Dumbledock alters her Will the next day.]

ILLOGICAL GRUMBLING.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM a Free-Trader. I have sucked in its doctrines from the all-but-inspired lips of its two great apostles, RICHARD COBDEN and JOHN BRIGHT, so how can I help being a Free-Trader. Free Trade is as the air we breathe, if we have it not we die. The whole of the ten commandments of our lofty commercial nature are embodied in the immortal principle, "Buy in the cheapest markets and sell in the dearest." Every weak thought, every absurd fact, every silly statement as to results, every lazy cry that "We have no work to do!" that seeks to make me waver in my firm faith, in my profound conviction, I have always thrown aside with that mocking laugh of pitying contempt that marks the man with whom faith supersedes reason. Judge then, Sir, of my utter astonishment when I find thoughtless men, unable to grasp this great question,—if indeed it can now be called a question—in its vast entirety, are trying to gain my sympathy for mere individual suffering. Every great principle must have its martyrs, and martyrs should learn to bear their martyrdom, not only uncomplainingly, but with a kind of rapture of endurance.

But, Sir, what do I find? Being a man with ample leisure, I have been devoting myself, during the last few weeks, to a searching inquiry into certain cases of supposed grievance at the East End of London, and what is the result? Take the case of a man I have known for years as a steady, sober, hard-working, Joiner. The firm that has employed him for years find that they can import their goods from abroad much cheaper than they can make them, so with that true cosmopolitan feeling that animates true Free-Traders, they dismiss their English workmen and import their goods from abroad. This man is so unreasonable as to complain of his lot. He talks about his wife and four children, and of his little home being gradually stripped of its contents, and of his tramping about day after day in a vain attempt to get employment, and all, as he foolishly says, because foreigners are allowed to send us their goods free, but refuse to take ours on the same terms. Can anything be more illogical? As I tell him, if he cannot find work in one trade he must try another. But the foolish fellow says he only knows one

trade, and is too old to learn another, and what is to become of him and his during the winter, heaven only knows, and he adds, there are probably over a thousand in his trade as badly off as he is. Strange to say, although I repeated to him some of the most unanswerable arguments of Free-Trade policy, I failed somehow to convince him that he ought to be perfectly satisfied, as, theoretically, he has really nothing to complain of.

As I was about to leave him, a pale-faced, half-starved, gaunt-looking fellow came in, and, seeing me, was about to leave, but my friend called him in and said, "I wish, NED, you'd tell this gentleman your little story; he's making some inquiries down here about the distress."

So NED told me his little story, which he said was about the same story as hundreds of others could tell me down there. He was a sugar-baker by trade. His employers had been struggling on for years against foreign competition but had at length succumbed, and the works were closed and all hands dismissed.

I, of course, expressed my regret for his bad luck, and tried some of my very strongest arguments to convince him that it must be right to buy in the cheapest market, when he turned almost fiercely upon me, and said, "Not if they are stolen goods, I suppose, Sir! and where's the difference? The French and German Governments pay their sugar-growers and refiners a very large bounty upon all the sugar they export to this country. Why? Out of love for us? Certainly not, but to ruin us all that are employed in the trade, as they're very quickly doing, and then they'll have all the trade in their own hands and can charge what they like! Ah, Sir," he continued, "I'm all for Free Trade, I am, if Trade *was* only free to all, and all had their fair share of work to do. That's where I get muddled, you see. What we want down here is more work, it isn't anything wicked I suppose to ask for more work? Ay, and more work we must have, or something will happen that I, for one, shall be sorry to see! But men oughtn't to be left to starve, and what's more, men won't starve! Look at me. A hearty, strong, hale fellow as you'd wish to see, only three months ago, wasn't I, JOE? Look at me now, half-starved, willing to work, longing for work, and half-starved, and all through our wicked laws."

He went toward the door, and turning round, said to me, "The



AN ENGLISH VILLAGE FROM A JAPANESE POINT OF VIEW.

fact is, there's too many of us for the work there is to do, and unless something's done to alter it, as there seems to be plenty of everything, judging by the price, some of us will be thinking about helping themselves." And he stalked away, leaving me speechless with astonishment.

The wonderful obstinacy of this class of people is perfectly astonishing, and their ignorance of the laws that govern demand and supply simply lamentable. Arguments that I have heard made use of in the House of Commons itself, and received with a cheer of approval, were utterly wasted on these otherwise intelligent men. Nay, more, they actually seemed to think that their bitter experience as regards certain elementary facts, was of far more value, and, to them, of far more importance, than the almost sublime theories by which I vainly endeavoured to convince them that everything was as well regulated as possible in this best of all possible countries, and that the parental Legislature that so kindly condescended to make the laws by which so glorious a result was produced, must naturally know more about these abstruse matters than mere working-men, who only thought of what was best for themselves and their families,

instead of taking that enlarged and comprehensive view that enables the philosophical Free-Trader to look with calm indifference upon the bitter sufferings of his own countrymen, rather than yield one jot, one tittle, of the grand and noble principle that it is our duty as men, as brethren, and as Christians, to buy in the cheapest market, be the consequences what they may.

J. LINGUE.

WHEN Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM was informed that the new Hatchett's Hotel was opened the other day, and that the Old White Horse Cellars were still there just the same as in the old coaching days, she couldn't understand it, and observed, "But what an age the old White Horse must be! And how is it they haven't sold him long ago?" But, on reconsideration, the excellent Lady remarked, "Ah, I suppose it was only people who had white horses to sell went there—a sort of speciality I know. I used to see the hundred-bladed knife-sellers and the dog-collar-sellers there a long time ago, so I suppose they'll come back again, too, now that the old White-horse sellers have been re-established."

PUBLIC GRIEVANCES.

(By Our Own Inspector.)

No. II.—THE RIVER.

THE shameful condition of the River last year, and the perfectly monstrous claims put forth by a number of grasping gentlemen called Riparian Owners, appear, judging from the voluminous complaints I have received upon the subject, to form a public grievance of no ordinary character. I append a small selection:—

SIR,—I am the Captain of a vessel running from the Thames to Scotland. I have known the river, man and boy, for thirty years. I denounce its condition for many months of last year, not only as a public grievance, but as a shame, a disgrace, and a scandal, to all concerned. It gets worse and worse year by year. Scotchmen are generally considered to be not over particular as regards the sense of smell. We all remember the sneer at "Sweet Edinburgh, I smell thee still!" But I declare that my experience of old Edinburgh teaches me that the Modern Athens is far sweeter than the Thames, from Gravesend to the Pool, during the greater part of the year. Not only so, but the grand river itself is rapidly silting up with the filth of the Metropolis—so much so, that I can only run up on the top of the tide. If two or three of the bumptious idiots who are responsible for this awful, ay, and cruel state of things, were made to bathe just below Crossness every summer morning, just after high water, they would probably cease from insulting us by saying that the matter is exaggerated. I have great faith in my Countrymen's power of using strong language, but I doubt if the strongest of them could find words that could fairly be called an exaggeration of this hideous, disgusting, and wicked grievance. D. C.

P.S.—I am not much of a Poet myself, but my second Mate is, and he has written the following improvement upon Tom Moore; to be sung by the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works at Crossness:—

Flow on thou slimy River,
But e'er thou reach the sea,
Take all these tons of sewage
That I now pour in thee.

SIR,—I am an Angler—my humorous friends call me a patient Angler. I accept the name with pleasure. I am a patient Thames Angler, though I do stand six feet two in my stockings. For many long years I have sought my chief delight in the upper waters of the still beautiful Thames, and found there such a haven of rest for my poor over-taxed brain, that I have returned to my quiet home refreshed and invigorated, and prepared to resume my daily toil with cheerfulness and alacrity. During the last year or two, however, I have been occasionally interrupted in my harmless pastime by shouts and threats from certain angry individuals, called, I believe, Riparian Owners, ordering me to leave the water opposite their sacred properties. I have paid but little attention to them, generally speaking; but last season, while fishing at my favourite spot, near Maidenhead, I was ordered off by a hulking bully of a fellow; and, as I did not obey his orders, he sent in a big brute of a dog, close to my punt, and spoilt all my fishing for that evening. I then pulled, or rather pushed, my punt as near to him as I could get, and addressed him as follows:—

"I have been accustomed for years to fish near this spot, and I intend to continue doing so; and if at any future time you dare to send that remarkably fine animal into the water for the wanton purpose of spoiling my harmless, but healthful sport, I will shoot it, or horsewhip you, just as I feel most inclined to do when the time comes!"

I left him speechless with astonishment, and have not been molested there since. There are some ten thousand of us Anglers in London and its neighbourhood, and we quite intend to angle in the River Thames. *Verb. sap.* R. S.

SIR.—Do you wish to see how a beautiful River can be turned into a muddy ditch?—come to Twickenham at low-water—or, perhaps I ought rather to say, at no water. Do you want to study the bed of the River Thames?—come to Twickenham Ait at low-water, just where cricket was played last season. Do you want to study the peculiarly offensive nature of Thames Sewage Mud?—try to cross the River at Twickenham Ferry at low-water. Do you wish to find a special spot on our once beautiful River where the stench would rival any of those for which Cologne was once so famous?—seek it just below Kingston Bridge; your nose will guide you to the favoured spot. And, finally, Do you want to know what was the state of the River last summer, when examined by the Inspector of the Local Government Board?—read the following extract from his Report, and then, Sir, marvel at the folly of those who have this matter in charge, and their imbecility in dealing with it:—"In August last," he says, "there was a month's sewage from the Metropolis oscillating backwards and forwards between Greenwich and Teddington, and the Thames could only be

compared to a huge sewage-tank which for many months had not been cleaned out!" I thank you heartily, Sir, for allowing me to call attention to this terrible public grievance.

Twickenham.

W. R.

SIR,—I am a Boating Man. Rather! I didn't pull in the Cambridge Eight, with GOLDIE for stroke, in 1873, without knowing something about boating. It's the be-all and end-all of my holiday existence; and it's only the Thames that makes London life endurable. But there's mischief brewing, and I want to give our enemies fair warning. The great charm of sculling is in exploring the beautiful backwaters, and we boating men have found, during the last season, that certain Riparians, as they are called, have questioned our right to do so, and some miscreants have even staked them, to prevent our entrance; and some few, with a refinement of cruelty worthy of a Red Indian, have even shortened the stakes, so as to make them invisible to the unpractised eye—with consequences easily imagined. Now, there are a decentish number of Boating Clubs on the Thames, and we reckon our members by thousands; and we are not at all a puny, or enervated, or timid race of men; and we merely wish to state, in the calmest and most gentlemanly manner, that as we have done in the past, so we intend to do in the future, and if any trouble should arise, as it very possibly may, from very obstinate men endeavouring to prevent our doing so, they will have only themselves to thank for whatever disagreeable consequences may ensue—to them. M. L. R. C.

SIR,—I dunno what's come to the River lately, but it seems all a-running away from hereabouts. Me and my mates, we think as it's all owing to the great dredgers as makes a deep channel in the middle of the stream, and consequently leaves all the rest, at low water, nothing but stinking mud, and plays the very deuce with all us poor watermen here. Couldn't you, Sir, just manage to get all this put right. If you would like to see it, and to smell it, we'll any of us give you a row for nothing, just about low water, any day you like to come.

Kew.

T. B.

MORE GHOSTS WANTED.

[Messrs. MYERS and GURNEY, of the Society for Psychical Research, are again writing to the papers asking for ghost-stories.]

COME once more, ye Ghostly Visitants, and do not shirk your duties, For we miss you in the corridors and by the haunted lake; Step adown from out your picture-frames, ye coy Ancestral Beauties, Till you find the timid visitor unconscionably shafe.

Gallop up, O Headless Horseman, and come punctual White Lady, Let us hear in starry spaces all the Hounds of Gabriël; Though on earth your antecedents, my good phantoms, might be shady, Here are Messrs. MYERS and GURNEY, who will surely love you well.

Flash again upon our pathway, O ye flickering Corpse Candles, And, good Banashée, let your screeches make us start up in affright; Come once more, O modest Phantoms that can only shake door-handles, And then enter like a cold wind, at the witching hour of night.

Let us see you in the daylight, O strange supernatural Doubles Of the living man, presaging, as folks say, his coming doom; Rise again, O Spectral Children, the forerunners of all troubles, And, ye mystic Lights, illumine as of yore the darkened room.

Clank your chains, my Phantom Convicts, with the good old-fashioned dodges, And your sudden disappearance, though the listener hears you still; While the hapless individual, who in your dwelling lodges, Groweth grey before his time and is inexplicably ill.

We have missed you from the ramparts, our dull rooms are never haunted, Though the moat is full of water, there's no ghostly skiff thereon; We still watch for you at midnight, but our souls are all undaunted. Have you given up business, Spectres; is your occupation gone?

Have you fled because you shudder at our psychical researches— Is the age too unbelieving for your pale phantasmal hosts? Oh, come back and haunt our houses, ancient inns, and ruined churches, For what will the winter fireside be without you, gentle Ghosts!

"MR. WHISTLER'S TEN O'CLOCK."—Stalls, half-a-guinea. If repeated, let him call it "Mr. WHISTLER'S Ten-and-Sixpence o'Clock." The subject, we hear, is "Dressing and Re-dressing." There are two or three to whom he'll give a dressing, before proceeding to redress his wrongs. Mr. RUSKIN will, of course, take a stall for the series.

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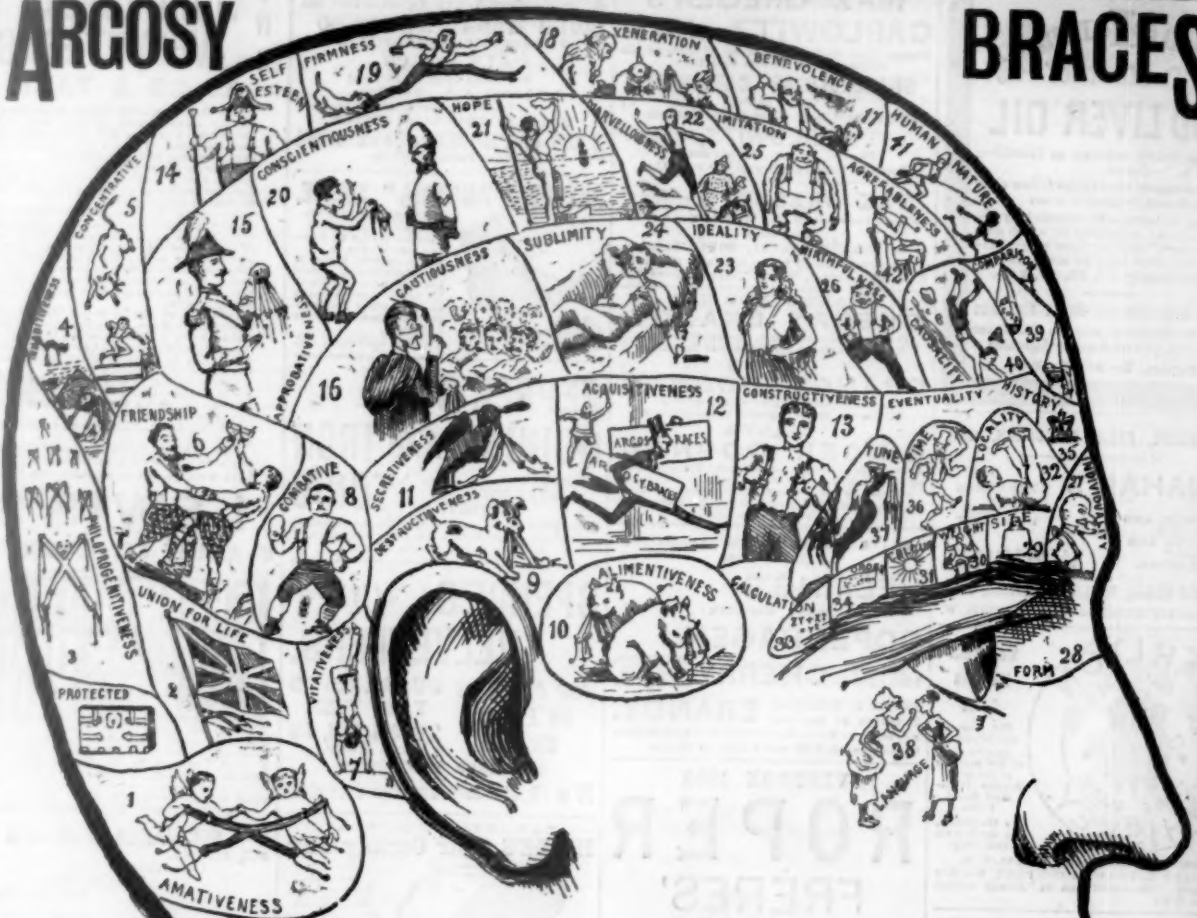
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30. **Weight**—The weight of the garment is distributed over the body equally and thereby greatly diminished.
31. **Colour**—Argosy Braces can be had in all colours and varieties of combined tints, &c.
32. **Locality**—However remote, in nearly every locality the Argosy Braces can be obtained. Argosy Braces are the same in one locality as another.
33. **Calculation**—It is calculated that Argosy Braces will be adopted by mankind throughout the habitable globe within a short time, this calculation is based on the results of the experience of the last few years.
34. **Order**—Neatness in appearance and deportment in wearers of Argosy Braces.
35. **Eventuality**—The accepted fact of the present day is that the Argosy Brace has shattered the old cumbersome superfluities.
36. **Time**—Argosy Braces are taken on and off in the least fraction of time.
37. **Tune**—The parts in Argosy Braces work harmoniously or in tune with each other.
38. **Language**—Language fails to express the admiration with which the Argosy Braces have been received. "Vide Press."
39. **Comparison**—Shows the difference between Argosy Braces and the imitations, which latter are purposely intended to deceive.
40. **Causality**—Cause and effect are plainly demonstrated in the compensating action of the Argosy Braces.
41. **Human Nature**—Cannot be restrained from purchasing Argosy Braces when their merits are explained.
42. **Agreeableness**—If you have not yet become possessed of a pair of Argosy Braces pray show your agreeableness by purchasing and recommending them forthwith.

Argosy

Braces

SHUN IMITATIONS

Sold by Hosiery and Outfitters Everywhere.

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